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MARGARET BARRER BOWEN

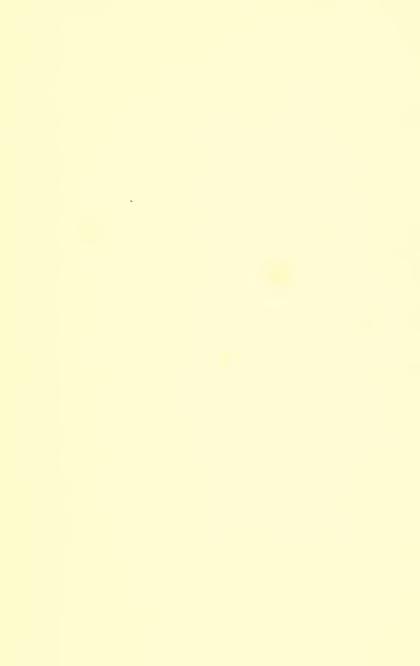


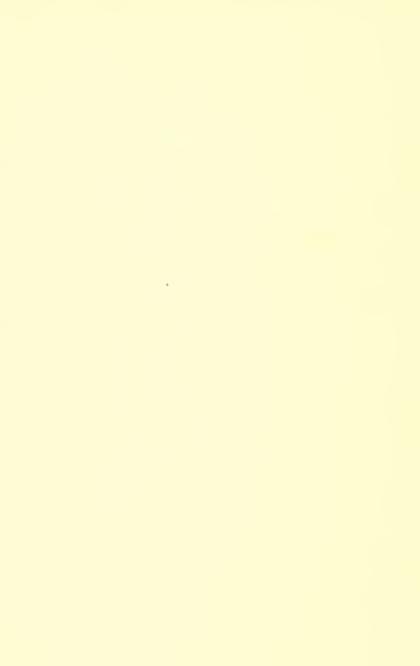
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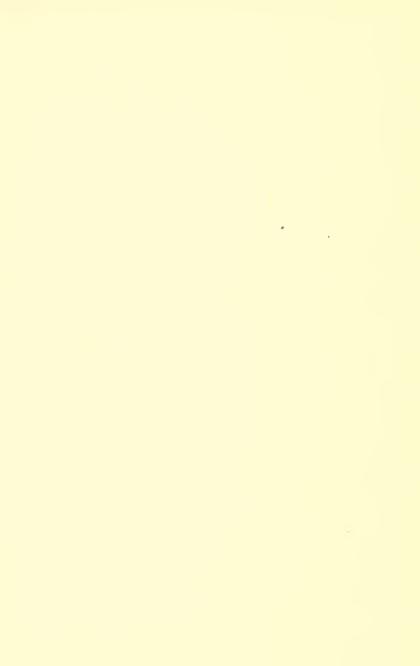
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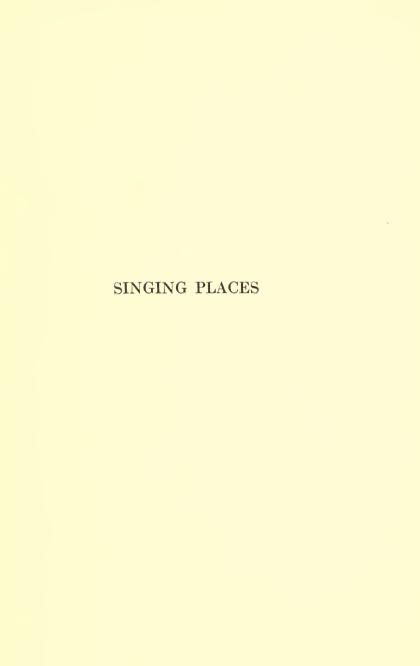


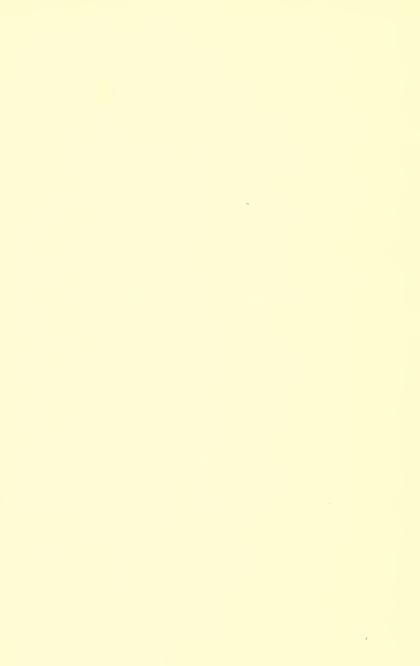












BY
MARGARET BARBER BOWEN



THE CORNHILL COMPANY BOSTON

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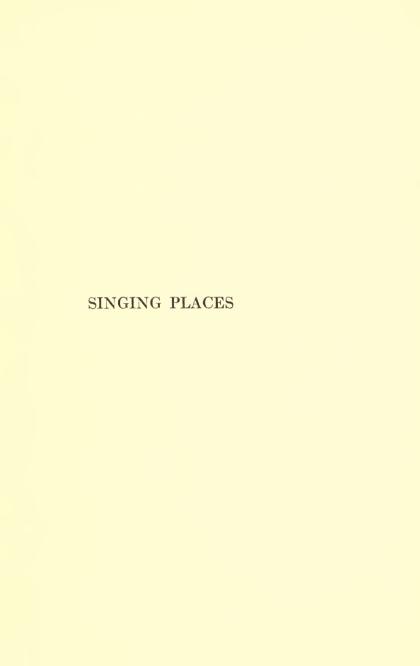
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WHO GOING DOWN THE PATH OF PAIN FINDS SINGING PLACES



The Path of Pain is very dark And very, very long, But even in its utter deeps Somewhere upsprings a song.







MY PILGRIMAGE

Whereso'er my journeyings
Over Earth's uncharted beauties
There is something clear that sings
Down my path of daily duties.

As I make my pilgrimage
Thro' a world endowed with graces,
Joy becomes my heritage;
Lo! I walk thro' singing places.

Like a bird within its cage
So my Heart a Song encases;
Wheresoe'er my pilgrimage
Still it leads thro' singing places.

THE BLUE NUNS SING

Each day with setting of the sun From cloistered shelter slowly file The Nuns in Blue, and one by one, Proceed in shadows down the aisle.

(The outer bloom of Life and Sun Must be denied a holy Nun.)

Then seated silently apart,
From mundane worshippers defined,
These singers of the contrite heart
Begin the worship of their kind.

But in the music, sweetly sung,

The prisoned Woman's soul makes cry—
The Womanhood so rudely flung
Aside as sin, unconsciously,
Unbidden, but insistent still,
Sings with a voice that's all her own.
The Nun is fabric of the will,
But Woman—God can make alone!

The singing ceases with the light,
The fleeting candle-gold is gone;
The Blue Nuns pass into the night,
Their tiny glimpse of Day is done.

(The outer bloom of Life and Sun Must be denied a holy Nun.)

AT THE ENGLISH CRAFT-SHOP IN CASA GUIDI

(The Home of the Brownings in Florence)

Within the Casa Guidi mute I stood
Where from its faméd casement I could see
Palazzo Pitti, and the Boboli
Flinging its bloom across my memoried mood.
Resist those memories, whosoever could
Despite the lure of lapis lazuli
And sun-kissed amber fashioned graciously—
For here insistent did her presence brood—
That English linnet, small and lyric-wise
Who sang her heart out 'neath these Tuscan skies.
So tiptoed I the stair past her dear door,
Her craft-shop, where so radiantly were wrought
The lucent jewels of a woman's thought . . .
The craft-shop Casa Guidi knows no more.

PAESTUM

Slowly o'er the plains to Paestum
Trailed the tourist train;
Bleak and bare and grim they stretched there
In the April rain.

Slowly o'er the plains to Paestum—
Suddenly a bush
All aflame with reddening Springtime
Broke the visual bush.

Slowly o'er the plains to Paestum Pilgrimage divine, Pilgrimage to pagan temples— What religion thine!

Noblest records of religion—
Pagan was it? Then
Might the Christian churches' builders
Pagans be again!

For a wave of utter worship
Flooded all my soul,
And the peace of perfect Beauty
On my spirit stole.

Beauty in its great dimensions
Nothing is but God—
And beside those pagan temples
Knelt I on the sod.

Would that in ornate St. Peter's One could send a prayer Unassisted, straight to Heaven As in temples there,

Where the myriad emerald lizards
Gleaming where we pass
Praise him with their lucent beauty
In the emerald grass;

Where those old and sacred columns
Towering up in calm
Are a moulded Benediction
And a builded Psalm.

Slowly o'er the plains from Paestum, From the temples there, Came we chastened into Cava, Purified by prayer.

RAVELLO

- Breathless from the dizzy beauty of that drive within a dream
 - Turquoise-colored, emerald-tinted, sapphireshrouded, wind we still
- Upward, upward, ever upward, toward that citadel supreme
 - Which in centuries now silent held dominion on the hill.
- Over roads where Latin princes, proudly mounted, used to ride,
 - Roads which wear a look eternal, telling Man he is but dust.
- Winding, winding, ever-winding, serpent-like they coil and glide
 - Round the crags and thro' the forests, and we follow where we must!
- Pulsing, panting, palpitating, at the glory all amaze,
 - Winding, winding, ever-upward in a wonderwoven spell,
- Till at last Completed Beauty lies before our sated gaze,
 - And the olive-cheeked Giuseppe murmurs raptly: "E Ravell'!"

THE LEPER ON THE CAPRI ROAD

I pray your gracious alms, Signora, sweet.
A leper I, and tho' the scene be gay
With hyacinthine glimpses of the bay,
And orange-hedges coloring the street,
Yet am I sombre, lacking bread and meat;
No home but any lane wherein I stray,
Which dimmer grows as dimmer grows the day,
And wearier and worn my lagging feet.
I pray your gracious alms, O lady fair,
For as I caught the rustle of your gown,
And glimpsed the burnished amber of your hair,
I thought the Lady Mary had come down
In visioned answer to my silent prayer
To raise me up and crown me with her crown.

AT OBERAMMERGAU

The Christ hangs white upon the cross,
The Marys silent weep,
And thief to left, and thief to right
Is sunk in shamèd sleep.

Then through the gloom of stricken throng Strained in remorseful hush, There shimmers sweet a triumph note— God's messenger—a thrush!

THE GARDEN-HOUSE AT WEIMAR

In the Garden-House at Weimar wistful with the June

Peeped I forth from long-craved casement (blissful boon!)

From the cherished crystal casements whence his frequent face

Had gazed down in sweet enjoyment of this place.

Emerald lawn and shaded pathway, cool and very dim,

Velvet moss, a fragrant carpet crushed by him,

Flowering bush with eager Bluebird on its tilting bough

To be telling of his music shrilly now.

Of his sweetly haunting music, wildest ecstasy Mingling with a sadly-sweeter misery,

Music sometimes fondly chiming manly friendship's strain

With its moving Schiller-motif, and again

Music shadowed with the sorrow of a love-lost way,

Or again, the glorious passion of to-day.

These the strains the eager Bluebird would for me retell

With its tiny-toned re-chiming silver bell.

Then a sudden, April-mocking, uninvited shower Quick eclipsing Bird-in-song and Bush-in-flower, But around the Titan-torrent flickered all the while

Golden sunshine, swift-recalling Goethe's smile!

Round the Garden-House at Weimar linger Sun and Rain.

Nature's subtle reminiscence—Joy and Pain Such as filled the days of Goethe when his urgent art

Was the bitter-sweet absorption of his heart.

Round the Garden-House at Weimar slowly Dusk drew on

Cautious, dubious of the Daylight as a faun.

Thro' the silent, perfumed wetness, faintly breathing by,

Then I heard the inspiration of a sigh!

And his spirit, in the dimness, almost touched my own

Then, the mystic bond was broken—he was flown! But the Garden-House at Weimar with its Goethe thrill

Burned a scarlet spot in Memory-vivid still.

IN A COLLEGE GARDEN

(Oxford)

How could'st thou, Shelley, in this sacred spot Feel God is not? Where every gracious bush and mystic flower Proclaims His power, Where Wisdom permeates the cloistral air And proves Him there? For what is Wisdom but a branch of God, A flowering rod Assuring by its very blossoming That it did spring From out a source beyond its patentness— Could'st thou not guess What Source? Thou ardent beauty-loving soul, Not guess the whole, When its so-radiant and persuading part Entranced thy heart? This hour within the University They showed to me Thy writing—by thy certain boyish hand— When thou did'st stand Declaring in thy knowledge, youngly-sure, With purpose pure, That no Supremer Being did exist; An atheist

Thou with a fondly-proud publicity
Did'st claim to be.
O brave pathetic Boy! In thy white days
To choose thy ways
Alone, and unsustained essay thy flight
Thro' Life's black night . . .
Within thy Skylark on his starward wing—
In that small thing—
Unconsciously a greater wisdom grew—
He knew, he knew!
"Blithe Spirit," he winged surely to the skies,
So wise, so wise!

THE LOVELY LADS OF RUGBY

("Dulce Domum Resonemus")

We waited there at Rugby
For the oncoming train
And thro' my thoughts the Rugby lads
Came homing back again.

So sweet a home is Rugby
That surely never yet
E'en space or years or sorrows
Could make the lads forget.

And now when England summons
They swift obey her call—
But turn their hearts to Rugby
Ere they must fight or fall.

Dear lads, the flower of England, How gallant an array! (For they are Youth incarnate Upon this dreaming day.)

True to their master's model, In nobleness defined They marched in blithe battalions Thro' my enmemoried mind.

The music of their marching
Made mystical refrain—
Then sang itself to silence
With the approaching train.

O lovely lads of Rugby,
Where are you marching now?
And which of you bears Death's calm kiss
Upon his boyish brow?

JOYCE KILMER

Within a rolling meadow above the river Ourcq, Which flows beneath the autumn sun serenely to the sea,

There rises straight a small green copse—

"The Wood of the Burned Bridge"-

Which has a look of sheltering, as tree stands close by tree.

The little wood protectingly spreads out its branching arms—

As e'en a human mother might to shield a cherished child—

To guard the new-made mound of one who, singing, went to sleep

With all the blithe sweet melody of youth still undefiled.

A cypress-spray lies friendly-wise upon his silent graveside,

Placed tenderly by comrades in an ecstasy of sadness—

But over there this singing boy, safe with the Judge All-righteous,

May know himself anointed with the oil of utter gladness.

- Long may the little watchful wood stand sentinel above him,
- Soft may the little river run thro' bloodstained meadow clover,
- Until the poppies fill the grass proclaiming Peace perpetual,
- And Song immortal rise on wings—warfare forever over!

SIDNEY LANIER

His lyric wings superbly rove
The rarer ether, far above
The simpler blue wherein do move
The ordinary birds of song
To which we—you and I—belong—
(Our wings are neither sure nor strong.)

But he—a princely Nightingale— With movements true to star-set sail Undrooping thro' the sternest gale Leaves us small sparrows near the ground Still chirping—gay that he has found The wonder-winding Way of Sound.

His lovely lingering notes of flute, Or softly-singing strains of lute, Make other music-makers mute; So perfectly he knew his art, A Song went singing down his heart Unknowing where it found its start!

TO SAROJINI NAIDU

(On Reading "The Broken Wing")

From western Winter's stern and loveless cold Wistful for warmth and rapture, to your mild And lucent East, O "Golden-hearted Child," We turn—to glimpse its beauties manifold Enmirrored for our eyes, as deft you hold The glass to visions—mystic, joyous, wild—As if the Orient Spring looked in and smiled To see her image violet and gold.

Chakora-birds come blithely at your call;
Thrilled by your voice the oleanders bloom,
Like us, swift servants to your lyric thrall;
The lotus-buds burst gladly in the gloom;
Saffron and silver, radiant over all
The magic Dawn escapes her nightly doom.

EMILY DICKINSON

(When she "took up her simple wardrobe and started for the Sun")

How was it when you reached the Gate? I think it was like this: You asked St. Peter was it late? You didn't want to miss Your personal appointment, For you had come to stay. He, twinkling, deft, the Gate unlocked And beckoned you, "This Way." Within the outer halls you met Old friends of Soul and Mind. But nodding amicably you Just left them there behind To penetrate Sanctissimum And find Himself, The Lord-'Twas He who asked you to respond And you could not afford To scatter silver instants When He awaited you-So punctual, and unperplexed, You knocked a time or two: Then Milton came, and Shakespeare, Polite and very bland,

Said, "Emily, allow me!"
And kissed your little hand.
But you, indifferent, hurried in,
When they had had their say,
With "I am looking for the Lord,
I called on Him to-day!"

SOROLLA Y BASTIDA

There came a vital impulse out of Spain. All Joyousness, all Nature, and all Light; A peasant-painter, conqueror of Pain, Portrayer of a pagan-pure Delight. The Elemental issues from his brush: Humanity breaks bonds from the Effete: The Sun, the Skies, the Seas, in primal rush Recover from conventionalized retreat. Enrapturing maidens, tawny-skinned and glad Sport in abandon, sunshine-kissed and free, And unrestrained, in Youth's brief beauty clad Play Atalanta by the frolic sea Our thanks, Sorolla, and our homage, take, For this, thy glimpse of blithe reality. And many a pilgrimage we fain would make To watch thy mirthful waifs of Arcady.

THE VIOLINIST

O Master of the glorious instrument
Which voices all the deeps and mysteries
Of souls that yearn in songful sacrament
To offer up their grateful ecstasies,
Of hearts that throb with music unexpressed,
That pulse with joy or break in hidden shame
To loose the imprisoned music, and confessed
Stand forth the Artist 'midst a world's acclaim!
Be, mighty Master, but the Servant, too,
Of these, who dumb, thrill to themselves alone;
Let their hushed melody burst forth thro' you
As in the dim harmonics' tender tone
The silent music of such souls upsprings
And sobs itself away upon your strings.

THE LULLABY OF MARY MOTHER

I creep between my friendly sheets
As white and crisp as snow,
And then I seem
(As in a dream)
To hear so soft, so low,
The Holy Mary singing—
As my Mother sings to me
So sings she to her little boy
Who died upon the tree:

"Sweetly sleep, O Heart o' my Heart, Thy mother doth watch o'er thee."

(O Mary Mother, dost thou know Thy son whom thou dost fondle so Will die upon the tree?)

"Sleep sweet, sleep deep, O Heart o' my Heart, Nay, do not tremble and weep and start, Hush—hush—sleep sweet, sleep deep, my Heart, Soft little Heart o' my Heart!"

MY MOTHER'S EYES

Pure pools of perfect Joy they are, So liquid, lucent, lovely, dear, Dilating with a swift surprise, Grown radiant and crystal clear, Or deep with Mother-mysteries— My Mother's Eyes!

Amid the darker days of Life
Two tender Stars that shine so true
Flame thro' the Darkness, which denies
Its sombre and despairing hue
When it in dear delight descries
My Mother's Eyes!

O pools of Joy! O shining Stars!
Transmit your loveliness to me,
That as the flitting Time-life flies
And flutters to Eternity,
Still here may glow, below the skies,
My Mother's Eyes!

MY LADY OF THE MORNING FACE

O Lady of the morning face, Where is your present dwelling-place? Have you a pair of purple wings, And in your hand a harp that sings?

Or do you climb the heavenly hills
To dance among the daffodils—
To pluck each golden dew-filled cup—
And help the little angels up?

O surely God would let you do The things that make you really *You* Dispensing Joy and Love and Grace, My Lady of the morning face!

THE LITTLE ROAD AND I

The little road went winding up,
Went winding up to meet the sky;
"I think I'll fare that way," quoth I,
And so the little road and I
Went winding up.

We deviated in and out,
All in and out and roundabout,
But ever facing toward the sky.
And when we reached it, by and by,
We found the Lord of Low and High
Who bade us rest a little while,
Since we had come a weary mile,
A dusty and a weary mile,
In winding up.

And so amid the sky and flowers,
The sky and flowers, which all were ours,
We rested there, the road and I.
And when you, too, shall come to die
You'll find us on that rim of sky,
Waiting to greet you happily
As you come winding up.

THE POET

From out the words we all can write He brings new loveliness to light. With stones we builders set at naught He rears a radiant dome of thought. Its curves are wrought of golden Youth, Of undreamed Beauty, virgin Truth; And we lift up our earth-born eyes And marvel in unused surprise.

THE SOARING OF THE SWALLOW

(Teach me to fly, Mother, teach me to fly!)

Oh, Brother of St. Francis, small swimmer in the blue,

How marvellous thy instinct! Who guided thee so true

(Not quite so high, Birdling, not quite so high!)

That blithefully persistent, thou tak'st the upward flight?

Thou makest, all undoubting, thy duty a delight.

Thy stumbling great Man-brother might joy with
thee to vie—

(Not quite so high, Birdling, not quite so high!)

A PRAYER

Give me, dear Lord, an ample mind
That I through insight may be kind.
Let littlenesses of my Heart
Engender wings and swift depart!
And in my Soul let sympathy
Unfold her petals tenderly.
Dear Father, in humility
I do petition this of Thee.

THE LITTLE MAID AND THE MASTER

She sat at the spinet, the Little Maid,
She sat alone and afraid—afraid—
For the Master had said she had played—had played!
So long she had practised so docilely

So long she had practised so docilely

The scales with their counting of "One—Two—

Three,"

And arpeggios trickling painfully—
And now came this fearful ecstasy!
The Master had said she had played—had played!
She slipped from her seat, all tremblingly,
And bent herself on her rounded knee,
While her voice ascended fragilely,
"O Master, Lord, please help Thou me
To practise ever faithfully!"
To The Master thus she prayed—she prayed.

SENTINELS

All night I lie all white and still
Upon my whiter stiller bed
And hear the Highway throng and fill,
Till, late, the hurrying steps are sped.

The wagons rumble toward the Dim; O'er shrilling engines Distance creeps; And I, I am alone with Him Who, keeping, slumbers not nor sleeps.

I would that I could enter where
His healthy happy children are,
But He has left them to my care
And one great steady solemn Star.

And so we keep our quiet charge
Till Dawn dissolves the Grey and Grim.
Responsible, His Aides-at-large,
The Star and I keep watch with Him.

THE ANSWER

"Why gavest not Thou me the gift of Strength
That I might prove my manhood, O my Lord?
Why dost Thou thro' my days' wild wearying
length
Mute Unperformance unto me accord?"

"A pygmy task it is with body sure

To do, to act with vigor unabating.

'Tis only to the Strong who can endure

I give the task that's thine—the task of Waiting."

O YOUTH, SO SWIFTLY HAST THOU FLED

O Youth, so swiftly hast Thou fled, Since erst pomegranate's juices red We quaffed together—Thou and I— A chalice drained too joyously To chasten with a far-off dread.

Now pensive and demure I'm led Down pallid pathways, tenanted No longer by the butterfly, O Youth!

For wingèd things with Thee have sped, And creeping things do fare instead Beside me, as I loiteringly Wend down the path Maturity— But Wisdom's morning lies ahead, O Youth!

REPENTANCE

In gardens red with roses once I played
All careless of the radiance of one;
Now naught but bloomless stalks hedge in my
road
As I, unflowered, walk my way, alone.

Mine eyes so dull among the blossomed ways, Grow clear in darkling days' austerer close, And strain them in the dimness for one small Relenting petal from an unplucked rose!

THE PASSING OF JOY

I heard Joy trail her garments near, (My Heart, she's seeking thee!) So sped I forth to kiss their hem In blithe expectancy.

Then came a sobbing through the night,
A moaning in the mist,
So knew I (Hush, my little Heart!)
It was her shroud I kissed.

THE BELATED NIGHTINGALE

When young I searched a darkling wood
For note of nightingale.
It came not, tho' my listening mood
Could scarce endure its fail.

Maturer, at the rim of night,
In Tuscan village small,
I caught a trill of bird delight—
"A thrush", thought I, "doth call."

At morn I said: "With joy I heard A marvel-throated thrush." "A nightingale" (they said) "the bird That broke the purple hush."

But Youth's wild rose of bloom gone pale,
What broke the purple hush?
To them it was a nightingale—
To me—it was—a thrush!

SINGERS

A solitary robin sang
Upon a lonely tree:
(Symbolic of my solitude
That robin's song for me.)

But tho' alone I, too, can sing, (So Sorrow set me free!) To swell the Music of the World Is Joy enough for me.

MY CIRCLE OF DELIGHT

Made up of daily arcs, whose sinuous lines Curve ever-surely to the Circle drawn In master-strokes and generous designs By Him who painted the Creation's Dawn, My Circle of Delight rounds out its plan.

My little hours move round from start to end, Some golden, some subdued, but all divine; Some glowing with the glory of a friend, Some darkened by distress—but always *mine*, My radiant ring—the Life of God in man.

For me the joyous task supremely given By Him who lives in Wisdom's Perfect Light, To mould my arcs of Life to compass Heaven And so achieve my Circle of Delight Which He had dreamed for me ere I began.

SONG

"Oh! What is thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird, (Bird fluttering its wings 'gainst my heart)? Oh! speak me the truth—if thy name it be Youth, So brave and so blithesome thou art!"

(O foolish One, no! Ever swift, never slow Are the wild wings of Youth to depart!)

"Oh! What is thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird, (Bird singing so sweet in my breast)?

Thy name I would hear! Is it Happiness dear

That homing hath sought a soft nest?"

(O foolish One, no! Fain doth Happiness go Nor tarryeth ever to rest!)

"Oh! What is thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird, (Bird cuddling so soft in my arm)?

O speak me thy name! Is it clear-singing Fame
That lieth so close and so warm?"

(O foolish One, no! Fame is colder than snow, Nor seeketh it shelter from harm.)

"Then tell me thy name, Little Bird, Little Bird, (Bird nestling so trustful and near)!"
"My name, Sweet my Own,
All the days thou hast known,
It is Love, it is Love, ever dear!"

MOUNT KINSMAN IN AUTUMN

My sinuous shoulders bear, unspent, The tamarack, fir and pine; And, stalwart, bend against the sky To the Divine Design.

Storm-sent, the ragged clouds sweep o'er My wind-tossed, sun-seared head; Caressing mists enswathe my brow Where warmth and winter wed.

I stand serene when Eastern glow Enwraps me in her bloom; I stand serene, with aspect grim, In twilight's gathering gloom.

Tho' men pass up and men pass down,I stand, and give no sign;My stalwart shoulders bend aloneTo the Divine Design.

SONNET OF THE HARVEST

In radiant death the sinking saffron sun Departs a victor in the dying day. A cricket chirps the lingering light away As cautiously approach the shadows dun, And, bleating, swift the little lambkins run Adown the dimming path they often stray Unwatched and sportive, in their awkward play. And now the Harvest Moon's bright benison Sweeps o'er the plain of yellowing harvest-fields Where, in the gracious gloaming, sing and reap The happy harvesters, whose music rings Around the harmony the Harvest yields . . . All ended, they full soon shall sink to sleep And darkling Silence hold the Heart of Things.

HAMMOCK SONG

Within my hempen crescent I Am Voyager o'er land and sky, The grasses brush me where I lie And the vast blue is canopy.

All gloried green comes surge on surge Of soft grass waves that silent merge Toward Buttercup's deep golden urge.

The gnarled and wrinkled Apple Trees Whose knotty, bowed and faithful knees Uphold my crescent for my ease Yield melody of Birds and Bees.

Gold Oriole and Chaffinch small, And sparrow twittering thro' all The other music, swiftly call.

And O my Heart! A Humming Bird With ruby throat adds his wee word Of perfect motion—the unheard Sweetness of Grace his God conferred.

Within my hempen crescent I
When listless watch the Dusk draw nigh,
The Breezes are my Lullaby,
And Stars bend near for company.

A PURITAN

I've felt the thrill that sweeps the soul In olived Italy;

I've threaded ways of ancient Rome,
And dreamed in Tuscany;

In Paestan temples have I prayed Upon my bended knee—

But Oh! the sweet, salt, fragrant air Of Plymouth-by-the-sea!

The Alps are dazzling white and fair, But in her Springtime green

Mount Moosilauke's the fairest peak That e'er mine eyes have seen!

The high-throned coast of Portugal Compels my scrutiny,

But Oh! the blue, blue Berkshire Hills!
Their beauty speaks to me!

Through cloisters old and dim my feet Have reverently trod,

But to a small white Meeting-house I go to find my God.

And so whene'er in alien lands
I joyfully may roam

It sings and sings within my heart:
"New England is my home!"

SPRING IN LOUISBURG SQUARE

- Nestling half way up the hillside, small and calm, all unaware
 - Of the rushing and the rumble and the mart's tumultuous roar,
- A shrine to storied memory sleeps on the quaint old Square,
 - Where Life slips back from Now to Then as through an open door.
- The very air of England seems caught and cherished dear
 - Within this tiny leisured spot of brick and guarded grass;
- We think the thoughts of bygone days, and "now that April's here,"
 - Dream dreams of Youth and violets, all lovely things that pass.
- The houses' brick austerity grows friendly and benign
 - Beneath the jocund wooing sun; the slim young leaves unfold;
- A juvenile grey squirrel, his bushy tail in line, Runs up an ancient lichened elm and there begins to scold.

- The chirping chickadees retort, and soon the startled air
 - Is rent by myriad chatterings; till, sweet, a bluebird's note
- Restores the primal harmony, and once again the Square
 - Sleeps on in "poetry of earth", quiescent and remote.

THE DAILY PAGEANT

First, little Hours tricked out in golden Dawn Who send their fleet and wingèd heralds round To wake the world with sweetly chosen notes From yellow, blue and brown befeathered throats That swell soniferous with supple sound. And tiny winds in sleepy blades of grass That dream them flowers, begin to stretch and wake

And wash themselves within a cup of dew— Dear little children-Hours that are so few!

Then, older mid-day Hours brave to behold In liveries of brilliant blue and gold; Maturer Hours of later afternoon In shimmering mixture that an azure haze Subduing sunshine, fashions for the Day's Most lovely garment—fading Oh too soon! Next sunset Hours like cardinals arrayed By Nature, loving purple in parade; Such pomp and circumstance she now bestows, Such lavishness—as when she shapes a Rose! And last, as vaguer grow the Nears and Fars, There comes a dim procession bearing stars.

How sadly small the stature of his soul Who, gazing on this pageant of a Day, Can only sigh and blindly turn away—
Instead of kneeling down in joy to pray!

THE CLEARER VIEW

My stained-glass days, so brief and beautiful, Mid Gothic arches spent, with filtering light Of amber and of amethyst, are gone. Yet, love I more my present hours, all filled With visions of the sun's unveilèd light Where gazing deep into the Heart of things I see my God, undimmed, approachable, Walk in the gladsome garden of His world.







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